THE

LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1825.

MISS REYNOLDS.

MISS REYNOLDS, the subject of our present biography, is the daughter of the eminent metzotinto engraver of that name; she was born in London, in August, 1800.

Associated as the name of Reynolds is, with the arts of this country, we have, previously to our presenting the accompanying portrait to our readers, endeavoured to ascertain, whether this young lady's family were, in any way, connected with that of the illustrious artist; and although, in our attempt to discover this fact, we have hitherto failed of complete satisfaction, yet, from circumstances within our knowledge, we infer, that it is more than probable that such is the case; both this lady's family and that of Sir Joshua being from Devonshire.

In her very early years, Miss Reynolds evinced an ardent love of the arts; but no thought was entertained by her parents, of cultivating her infantine talents in the profession, until the following circumstance induced her father, at the request and solicitation of the late lamented Mr. Whitbread, to teach her the art of engraving in metzotinto, with a view to her following his profession. It was the happiness of Mr. Reynolds to enjoy, for many years, the uninterrupted friendship of the distinguished individual just named; and being with his family on a visit to that gentleman, at his seat in Bedfordshire, where, amongst other company, that great artist, Mr. Opie, was then staying. Mr. Opie, pleased with the artlessness of the subject of this memoir, then a mere child, having procured her to sit to him, completed a portrait of her as "Little Red Riding Hood." The picture had not

long been finished, when, to the astonishment of every one, this child, then not more than eight years of age, commenced, of her own accord, an engraving from it, and completed it with scarcely any assistance; and so extremely well was the work executed that it would not have been unworthy the experienced artist.—This was Miss Reynolds's first essay. From this period, her father determined on teaching her his art, and she entered on the study and practice of engraving under the encouragement and patronage of the late Mr. Whitbread, who was ever foremost among her warmest and most sincere friends. So rapid was her improvement, that she very soon became a most valuable assistant to her father. She did not, however, continue to engrave for more than three or four years, as her father, perceiving, from some sketches she had made, that she possessed a more original genius than could have manifested itself in the engraving or copying the pictures of other artists, assisted and encouraged her to commence the profession she at present follows, that of a miniature portrait painter. Arduous and difficult as the task must have been to one so young, and who had hitherto been accustomed only to the delineation of the works of others, she yet succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; it is true she met with every encouragement that the fondest parent could have wished.—Patronized by Mr. Whitbread, who procured her invaluable friends, and cheered and occasionally instructed in her now more extensive undertakings by Mr. Northcote and Mr. Clint, to whose kindness and attention she stands much indebted, she has triumphed over every difficulty; and her success is as complete as her perseverance and industry are deserving.—That the excellence of her works has been duly appreciated, is manifested by the very extensive connexion she has formed, and by the patronage with which she is honoured.

Whilst we record the success of the artist, it gives us additional pleasure to state that in private life, few have the happiness and advantage of so large a circle of real friends, by whom she is beloved, as this lady; and it is but candid to say, that, added to her kind disposition, and amiable manners in society, few artists possess a more general knowledge of the world; or are better acquainted with those subjects of general literature, which stand unconnected with her professional pursuits.

Z.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A FAKIR AND A VESTAL.

Translated from the French.

BY W. G. KING.

FAKIR.—Of what service has it been to me, to have buried myself for forty years in the savage solitude of my country; to have inflicted torments on myself, to have slept standing, to have walked upon fire, and to have looked upon the pains which I suffered on earth, as the forerunners of pleasures which I should experience in Paradise? Did I not believe that I should directly ascend to the heavens of the Holy Prophet, and clasp in my longing arms the blue-eyed Houris? But alas! how am I deceived! I find not here the consolation of the wife whom I expected; I have lost the body which I wore on earth; I am now no more than a wandering shade, that a gust of wind can blow from one side to the other. I have now no longer the desires which I before restrained, that I might the more certainly assure myself of the celestial pleasures!

VESTAL VIRGIN.—And have you then alone cause of complaint? Were you entombed while living! No! doubtless they waited for your death, before they prepared for the rites of your sepulture?

FAKIR.—Perhaps, then, you had fallen in a trance?

VESTAL.—No! a senate that called itself the legislator of the earth, and a people that had overcome the globe by their arms, condemned me to the horrid punishment of which I speak.

FAKIR.—You have then betrayed your country?

VESTAL.—No!

FAKIR.—What then was your crime?

VESTAL.—Ah! what have I done!

FAKIR.—Do you hesitate?

VESTAL.—There are some things which give us pain to tell.

FAKIR. And why? That which we have done above on earth, must give us no concern while here below. Our bodies were as envelopes, which we have cast aside, and are

now become strange to us. Let us confess our past follies without evasion.—I have been an imbecile all my life, tearing, wasting, and cutting my poor body.—But you do not appear to have done so? Come, do not blush, but tell me all; what matters the stain of a garment which we have thrown aside?

THE VESTAL, (fetching a deep sigh.)—Do you know Rome?

THE FAKIR.—No.

VESTAL.—How! and yet it has overcome the whole world!

THE FAKIR. The whole world! and yet do I protest to you that I have not even heard of such a place.—But what has this extraordinary city to do with your burial?

VESTAL.—I was born in this Rome, the mistress of the universe. But its inhabitants attached a superstitious belief in some shields which were supposed to have fallen from the sky, and in the continual burning of a fire descended from thence at the same time, which, if once extinguished, would, as it was supposed, ruin the fortunes of the republic. The watching of this sacred fire was therefore entrusted to young girls. I was chosen among others for this important charge, and as our negligence would have been cause of so great a calamity, it was followed universally by death. In addition to this, we were obliged to continue virgins, under pain, if we broke this commandment, of being buried alive.

FAKIR.—Ah! now I clearly perceive, madam, the reason for which you descended to the grave ere death had closed that upper world upon you. But I cannot suppress my wonder at the weakness of a people, who could entrust the whole of their future destinies to the frail seal of virginity.

VESTAL.—Every thing was done, which could make us forget this sacrifice. Rank, dignity, honour, and riches, were all showered upon us with the utmost prodigality. The ministers and ensigns of honour preceded us, and those of the consuls did obeisance to us. If a criminal met us on our way, that meeting determined his pardon, and saved him from the punishment decreed. But in spite of the terrible law, of the shame, and of the cruel death with which I was menaced, I became guilty of—of—sacrilege.

FAKIR.—The violation of your oath had charms, then, which could not be withstood?

VESTAL.—The satellites, the butchers, the desolation of Rome, the death of my family and of the pontiffs, the thundering

of the sky, and the ruin of the earth, all disappeared at the entreaties of my lover. His risk was equal to mine.—When I promised to be chaste, a calm serenity took possession of my soul, and the innocence in which I lived, hid from my view the extent of the sacrifice which I had made. But soon the veil of my infancy was torn from me, even in this solitude, and I felt an insupportable void. My imagination pierced the walls of the temple, and far, far from its sad inclosures, sought the object which my fancy clad with every perfection.—My duties seemed to me austere; though surrounded by the homages of my country, I envied the happy liberty of the meanest citizen. I saw no longer in the inextinguishable fire, placed upon the altar of Vesta, but the sad emblem of the flame that devoured my heart.

FAKIR.—You had, at least, more wisdom than me, I was the dupe of those extravagancies whose victim I became; I was a martyr in reality, which but seldom happens. But tell me of thy lover; tell me his name, he interests me.

VESTAL.—He was called Valerius. I saw him, one day, at the temple, looking at me attentively; it seemed that a flash of lightning passed into my heart, I was enlightened by a new day, I was surrounded by a new existence. Nature at length appeared fair to me; I breathed, for the first time, the foretaste of pleasure. As soon as I perceived my lover in the inclosure of the temple, I walked with more grace and stateliness. Hidden in the crowd, he still continued to contemplate me. Often were the acclamations of the people elevated around me in these days of solemnity, though the profane rabble knew not for what eye I was pleased to shew the grace of my movement, and to add to the pomp of my dress, of which my lover was the secret god. But when the crowd was decreased, and the temple was shut up, and all was dark around me, my soul was sensibly alone to the shudders of melancholy, and to the darts of despair. I smote the naked walls with the sound of my stifled cries; 'I love,' said I, 'and Valerius, in the midst of Rome, surrounded with beauties easy and seducing, will disdain a triumph which will cost him pains to obtain. He will not have the courage to confront death for me; the charms of all the Roman ladies are offered to him, and each is striving to gain the first place in his heart.

Must I then remain in doubt whether he loves me, and am I condemned to remain in this eternal solitude?'

FAKIR.—Perhaps your lover was in equal despair on his side also.

VESTAL.—He had divined my sentiments, and from that moment he was worthy of me. On the first day of solemnity he returned to the temple; I and my companions, ranged in order, bore the sacred vases of the goddess, and walked through the enclosure of the sanctuary with slow steps. A light veil permitted us to see without being exactly seen. Valerius had thrust himself in the foremost rank of the thick crowd. Arrived before him, I threw him a glance whose force was half extinguished beneath the veil. As an answer, he laid his hand upon his heart, and in the same instant I saw his eyes glisten like lightning, and become suffused with tears. I broke, in stumbling, the vase which I held in my hand; but joy and hope filled my heart; proud and satisfied, I advanced with a firmer step to the altar, and I doubted no longer but that he would undertake every thing.

FAKIR.—You interest me, priestess! I who have avoided speaking of love during my life, now am pleased in hearing you represent it after my death. Well, go on with your adventure.

VESTAL.—The night following, I was guard of the temple; my duty was to pass the night before the sacred fire, and continually furnish it with fuel. The flickering flame glowed upon the walls of my abode, and when it grew more pale, the profound vaults inspired a religious fear. But even in this solitary prison, the figure of my lover seemed to wander around me, and I stretched out my hands to the sky, uttering inarticulate moans, and not daring to offer my culpable wishes. And by a contrary sentiment, embracing the statue of Vesta, I cried, 'O goddess! if I offend thee, let the ice of this marble which I press, pass into my soul! I burn, and already belong to another god. What difference would it be to thee if thy fire should be no longer maintained by a virgin alone? Why should my homage become less pure, if my heart was divided between thy worship and love?' In pronouncing these words, I heard a slight sound in the vaults of the temple, I turned my head, and at one of the bay of joists which there open, I perceived a man ready to descend

to the place where I stood. I was about to shriek; my voice was arrested; he slides down a long rope, and falls with all the weight of his body upon his knees. I shuddered, I ran to him, I raised him up; he was yet unable to speak. Some little time elapsed while he leant his head upon a column: my heart was torn. But, I soon discovered my lover, who quickly returned to himself; we wandered about hand in hand, in the vast solitude of the walls. Our words, our lips, our hearts, mingled one with another. The delirium, the madness of love takes away from me all idea of the place where I am, and of the deposit committed to my charge. Wandering in new transports, and overcome with pleasure, the hours fly unnoticed. The future and the past both disappear. But the flame of Vesta, long unattended to, gives a doubtful and tremulous light. It has already given its last flash; I perceive the danger, I snatch myself from the arms of my lover, the flame grows pale, hesitates, and again is lighted: but expired before I reached the altar. A light smoke which exhaled from it, reminded me of my punishment and death. I hide my trouble; Valerius is with me, he takes my hand, already cold and icy, and while I implored both Vesta and the god of love, he, with his breath, again lighted the sacred fire. Ye gods, I was no longer criminal, since I saw the fire once more lighted, and burning in the midst of the ashy cinders.

FAKIR.—Then how you thanked Vesta!

VESTAL.—How I thanked Love. Valerius seemed more adorable than before, the danger which I had undergone rendered him more dear than ever; I pressed him closely in my arms, and the tears of gratitude, for the first time, equalled those of love.

FAKIR.—If I guess rightly, you were not ungrateful to him.

VESTAL.—Alas! in the midst of the overflowings of my joy, how were my pleasures cut down, how was my happiness destroyed, by the idea of separation! The morning, alas! was already appearing, and I had recourse to a supernatural courage, when I drove him from the precincts of the temple. With the seventh day, returned my duties as a priestess.

FAKIR.—Which were now become dear to you?

VESTAL.—I assigned to him the same hour, and the same place; he was well assured of my affection; how great would

my happiness have been, if I could have annihilated the interval, that slow and cruel hours had placed between moments so fleeting and delicious!

FAKIR.—You made me shudder at the moment of danger, when the flame of the altar was almost extinguished. And how could you dare to encounter so great a peril not seven days after?

VESTAL.—Ah! Fakir, I perceive that you have never loved; I see it clearly; you have only seen the Houris by the cold distance of your imagination. Learn then, that which you have never conceived; learn that youth, and beauty, and novelty, had been able to seduce me, and engage me to the first step. Love had taken in my soul a character of impatience and of fury to which I abandoned myself. I was proud of loving, and of being loved, and all objects which had any alliance with my happiness, seemed to be full of that flame, by which I was penetrated. The seventh day returned,—suspicions were already formed, the footsteps of my lover had been traced, and Vesta was avenged! Alas! Fakir, pity me; I abandoned myself to the ravishing pleasures of a happy and satisfied love. Fear, grief, and terror, were far from my spirit. But how shall I paint to you the horrors which succeeded, when the mournful cries were echoed in the halls of the temple, when slaves holding the gloomy lights and blue-burning torches chase far away from the profound vaults the shades of darkness. Enraged priests——

FAKIR.—Priests! ah, then all is over, I already see you in the fatal cave.

VESTAL.—The downcast looks of my former companions, their reproaches written on their foreheads, indignation in all their glances, and, more than all that, my lover in chains, struggling in vain to be free from the grasp of his murderers; consider all these objects. They besieged, at the same time, my eyes, my ears, and my heart. I am despoiled of all my ornaments as a priestess. They are touched even with horror. All classes of society expect nothing but the most dreadful calamities. All business, alike public and private, was suspended. Sentence of death was soon pronounced upon me, by all the priests who had witnessed my crime, and who condemn me, yet alive, to descend into a small cavern, which should afterwards be closed up. And there, by a kind of cruel

pity, were deposited a little bread, some milk, and a gloomy lamp, as if to make the sufferer taste the forerunner of death, and undergo a prolongation of her punishment. Conducted to the place of my burial, the crowd dared not to approach my footsteps,—all abandoned me,—parents, friends, relations,—and I found myself surrounded by judges and executioners, who, mournful and silent, cast their eyes down with a kind of awe. The high priest, on the point of making me descend the ladder which should separate me from the living for ever, wished to exhort me, and to speak of heaven. But I bade him hold his peace. "Barbarian," I cried, "touch me not! I am about to descend into the entrails of the earth, there I shall no longer hear of your sanguinary rites.—Canst thou attempt to judge of love?" I descended into the cave which awaited me. The opening was closed on me for ever. Judge of what I felt, when, by the light of a solitary lamp, I saw all earth around me, and myself buried in a narrow cavern.—Pardon me when I tell you, that the torments I endured, are far beyond my powers of expressing them. And still I shall never cease to lament the name of Valerius, and his sufferings will even add to mine, for the love of him was rooted in my soul. But I must depart.—Adieu.

THE MODERN AMAZONS.

Madame de Genlis, while residing near Hamburgh, became acquainted with two young women, who had served in the French army under Dumouriez. They were named Mesdemoiselles Fernig; the younger, Théophile Fernig, who was about one and twenty, of a very handsome and modest appearance, with beautiful, small, delicate, fair hands, was the one that came to live with us at Sielk. Her hand-writing was very beautiful, and she had a good knowledge of grammar, while the mildness of her disposition, and her evenness of temper, made her company exceedingly agreeable. Dumouriez had formerly told me many interesting anecdotes concerning her, the following among the rest. In some action or other she rushed forward discharging her pistols, and made prisoner a tall Austrian, whom she took instantly to the general, and said to

him in a shrill childish voice, "General, that is a prisoner I have brought you!" The soft sounds of her voice startled the Austrian, and nothing could console him for the dishonour of having surrendered to a young girl. I saw her perform an action of a similar kind at Sielk. We were one day at our neighbour's, Madame Clrhost, and all the gentlemen had gone with their men-servants to the chace, when the cook rushed in great alarm to tell us that a robber had entered the kitchen, and was plundering every thing. Théophile immediately assumed a martial look, rose, and laid hold of a large stick in a corner of the room, and rushed out; she entered the kitchen, attacked the robber, and after giving him a sound beating, made him beg for mercy, and then turned him out of the house. After performing this exploit, she returned to us with a look as unaffected as if she had performed the most ordinary action: during the remainder of the day, we could not prevent ourselves from constantly looking at her pretty delicate hands, which were so powerful and valorous on occasions of difficulty and danger.

The circumstances which led to the martial distinction of this young person and her sister were as follows:—The necessity of a speedy and vigorous resistance, made these two modest and timid young girls (one of them was no more than thirteen) the boldest and most formidable of soldiers. To protect the women or children of the village of Mortagne, where they resided, from the nightly attacks of the Austrains, these young ladies, Félicité and Théophile Fernig, put on their brother's clothes, armed themselves with fowling-pieces, mingled with the national guards, and charged the enemy's plundering parties, and drove them from the neighbourhood. It was in the very front ranks of these intrepid defenders of the honour of families, and the repose of every one's fireside, that they were discovered by General Beurnonville, from the very precautions they took to avoid being noticed. He presented them to Dumouriez, who attached them to his staff, as well as their father and brother. Amidst all the licences of a camp, these two young girls became the object of the respect and admiration of the whole army. They fought with the most distinguished bravery at Valmy, Jemmapes, Anderletcht, Nerwinde, and in every action that took place previous to the 5th of April, 1793. In an action near Brussels, they were

borne along by their impetuosity into the very midst of the enemy's rear guard, when a general officer ordered them to surrender; the younger dashes forward, and as an answer, lays him dead at her feet with a pistol-shot. At the assault of the village of Quaregnon, during the battle of Jemmapes, the same sister charged a Hungarian battalion with a few light horse, and with her own hand disarmed and took prisoner the strongest and most formidable of the enemy's grenadiers. The height of her prisoner on foot was nearly equal to her own on horse-back. The other sister accompanied the Duke of Chartres (now Duke of Orleans) in all the actions he fought, and never left his side in his most destructive charges upon the enemy. Both sisters assisted General Dumouriez in effecting his escape, and accompanied him to the enemy's lines; but the moment they entered upon a foreign soil, they again assumed the dress of their sex, and appeared, what they had ever been, timid and reserved young girls. They were not by any means tall, and though of strong hearts, their voices and the features of their countenances were exceedingly sweet. They wandered for some years at a distance from France, consoling and supporting their old father by their own exertions. Félicité married a Belgian general;—Théophile died at Brussels, where, (says one of her biographers,) she modestly reposes near the scenes of her glory.

[The following relation of the manners and mode of life of the Peasants of Holstein, by Madame de Genlis, is too interesting to be omitted.]

After describing her residence, for some time, at a country-seat belonging to a Madame de Wédercop, she says:—"At length, Madame de Wédercop took me to my cottage, two short leagues from her country-seat, at a place called Brevel. It was a real cottage of romance, and the inhabitants were the heroes of pastoral poetry. The house was thatched, but the interior was charming.—I had two bed rooms, a charming little parlour, with a stove in it, and a large dining-room, which was also used by the owners of the house, who dined at a different hour from us. In all the cottages of this country, there is always an apartment kept for a certain time for the use

of strangers. The head of the family rents it till he becomes of an age suitable for leaving off personal labour, when he retires from business with a small annuity, takes possession of this apartment, and devotes the remainder of his days to ease and tranquillity; the farm and all his property he gives up to his heir, who works in his turn till he reaches a healthy old age. When I went to inhabit this cottage, the master of the farm, called M. Péterson, was in all the vigour of life; his property was worth more than two hundred thousand francs; his family consisted of his wife, a daughter nineteen years of age, named Léna, the most beautiful shepherdess I ever saw; and a son, twenty-two years of age, who was also a true shepherd of poetry. The latter knew music well, played very agreeably on the flute, wrote very fine German poetry, and was as handsome as an angel. There was a servant at the farm, who took care of the stables, and two servant girls to look after a large herd of cows. M. Péterson and his son took care of the garden and the cultivation of the farm; Madame Péterson and Léna managed the household affairs, while the beautiful Léna did not disdain to delve in the garden for more than an hour every day, but in a very singular manner, which I was told was invented by young peasant girls, who were not obliged to work in the fields. Léna sat and delved with a small and rather broad spade, with scarcely any handle, and thus did a great deal of work quickly, without being tired. I was fond of seeing her brother go past the house when he was going to the fields on his *stuhlwagen*; he had a noble Grecian countenance, like the idea we form of Apollo; and in fact, all the peasants of the country are the true shepherds of the finest pastorals.

Besides the ordinary occupations of the household, Léna and her mother performed many other kinds of work, such as making all the candles used in the house, and all the cloth required by M. Péterson and his son. They hired women to do the washing, but they alone made all the butter used in the farm, and all that was sent to market; but they did not make the butter in our way, for by the aid of a large machine they made a very large quantity every day without being fatigued; and, in fact, the machine required so little application of strength, that I amused myself by making butter every evening."

NORRY ORMOND;

An Irish Tale.

"Come, my dear sister," said Miss O'Connor, "let us put on our bonnets, and make a visit to our poor neighbours; perhaps they have been expecting us, and we shall cause some additional distress by not fulfilling our promise." Accordingly, the two sisters set out upon their errand of mercy. After visiting several miserable cabins, and comforting their inmates by encouragement and advice, they determined to prolong their walk. On entering the borders of a bog, they perceived a little hut at some distance. They made towards the abode of human misery, the ground sinking under their feet, at every step. Upon entering the dwelling, it was equally soft and damp.—On a single stone in the hut was laid a small turf fire, over which sat, bent with weakness, a sickly female, who had been confined eight weeks before, and was not yet recovered. Her infant was near her, which, with two other children, (a sister's,) an aged father and mother, formed a family of eight persons within this one miserable room. The hearts of the ladies sunk within them as they looked upon the assembled group; and they sighed to think of the degradation of the human species. "Won't you take an air of the fire, and pray be seated, your honours?" said the sister, putting a little stool for the ladies. "And so the rain has drove you in here for shelter?" said the poor sick woman; "sure, you never was in such a place before; but 'tis not long it will shelter your honours; for the likes of us find it very poor defence in times of rain and snow; we are all as wet as the ground," continned she: "all the winter, it drips in upon us from the roof." "And where is your husband?" said Miss O'Connor. "Sure, and he is far off from us now," said the aged mother; "he is gone to England for work.—How should the likes of us live, if he didn't go far and near to earn something?" "And what do you do for yourselves?" replied Miss Eliza, the younger of the two ladies.—"Nothing, to be sure.—What could we do; sure, your honours know there is nothing for the women or children to do here, but just clane and boil the *praties* for the family." "Cannot you spin or knit?"

"Yes, to be sure, I can," said the heart-broken young woman. "I can, and so can Molly; but we have no wheel, and no one to buy our yarn when we have spun it." "Perhaps, the ladies at the great house would employ you," said Miss O'Connor; "they are a very humane family, I am told, and very good to the poor." "God bless them," said the old woman, "they are very charitable; we should have died long ago, but for them; but they have so many living upon them, they cannot do for all. Was'nt it they that gave us the bed we lie upon, and the blankets, though they never saw us at all?—if they had the world, they'd give it to the poor, and its worse luck for us they have not; but sure, 'tis they that set up Pat Hanaghan in the farm, and gave Judy the wheel; and opened the school for the children. Have you been to the school near at hand, your honours?" "No," replied Miss O'Connor, "I never was so far from our own house since I came to this part of the country as now, and did not know that any females lived out here." "So you are strangers," said the sick female; "why did you come to this wild place to live? Don't stay here, 'tis a cruel place; never was I ill 'till I came here, and I am never well now." "Where did you come from?" said Miss O'Connor. "From Cork, your honour; I was put in the school at Glanmire, and could work, and spin, and read; but married, and came to this place, and now I have nothing to do, but just dig a bit, and gather dung for the *praties*. And so Darby is gone to England to earn a little money, to pay for the garden, that we may be able to live next winter—but I do not think I shall be in this world then, for my heart is sick, and I am wearied of life." "Do not despair," said Miss O'Connor, "God is good, and, perhaps, you may be very comfortable yet, notwithstanding your fears.—Should you like to live a mile or two away from it?" "O! 'tis that, that would cheer us," cried all, at once; "'tis that, that would make us all happy.—But there's no such luck for us." "Well," said Miss O'Connor, "it is getting late, and I have some miles to go; so I must now take my leave of you, but you shall see me in the morning."

As Miss O'Connor and her sister pursued their way home, they conversed of the miserable group whom they had just left; and whom they determined to ask their brother to remove to one of his cabins, near the little village in which they had lately

come to him. They derived much pleasure in anticipating Darby's return from England, and the change which they hoped to make in the appearance and comfort of this family by that time. Scarcely had they arrived at home, when they hastened to their brother, who, pleased to see his sisters take an interest in their poor neighbours' welfare, immediately complied with their request, and made preparations for the reception of this distressed party on his own estate. Early in the morning, Miss O'Connor set out to carry tidings of happiness to Norry Ormond and her relatives. She no sooner came within sight of the dwelling than she perceived the children had a book, or rather a part of a book, in their hands. "O your honour is very good, to come to us once more," said the old woman; "the children were right; they went to the school-house to fetch a book, just to shew your honour how they can read: and now when your honour is seated, it will do your heart good to hear them." The eldest girl had a few pages of a torn Testament in her hand, the boy had a little spelling-book. It was with great pleasure Miss O'Connor heard this poor child read to her the Saviour's Sermon on the Mount; especially when she reflected on the difficulties she had surmounted in attending this school in the Bog. "I like to hear little Molly read that," said the sick mother; "I often read it myself at school, but I forgot it; and, having no books, I never thought of reading until they told me the school was set up here, and then I never once thought of any thing until the child brought these leaves to shew how she got on, and what a fine scholar she was; and then, as she was reading, and I was very sick, and we had very few *praties*, and all of us in trouble, aged Darby was sick at heart, because he could get no work, and he did not like the thought of leaving us all here alone—so the child stopped, and I said, 'read on, Molly, and why do you stop,' and she then read out of the book—'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God'—and then I remembered how I had heard this explained at Glanmire, and never understood it, for then I was young and happy, and had no trouble; but now I was poor and afflicted, and in sorrow to see them all starving, and Darby going away, and I had no spirit left me; and I said, 'Well then, I am surely poor in spirit, for I had none at all; and I shall go to God, if I die now; and 'tis all the better, only for the children.'—'No,'

said Darby, 'why do you always be so sorrowful; read on, Molly'—'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' 'That's it, Norry,' says he, 'I will go to England, and fetch home some money to have the garden, and then we will not be so badly off again. Well, Norry, (says he,) I like that book, for it does one good to hear it; and now I am settled in my mind, and will go; but Norry, do not die while I am away; for if I come home and do not find you, I will become one of them United men, and never set a stroke again.'—And so, your honour, I have tried to live, and to be comforted; but I gets weaker and weaker, and so, I am afraid, it will end badly; for if Darby goes with them White-boy men, he will be hanged: for they shews no mercy, nor never cares how they come to it, but hangs them all for one, as if they were really bad, when 'tis the poverty and the trouble that drive them to it." "Well," said Miss O'Connor, "I am come to bring you good news.—But first, Norry, I must tell you, you were not quite right in your explanation of that sentence, although it was a very natural one; but the poor in spirit means those who have no spiritual pride; and who depend upon God only for every thing: and who feel they have no power to do any thing good, without his help." "Sure, and that's all I think too, your honour, for what can the likes of us do for any one?" "Nothing," said Miss O'Connor, "we are all alike unable; you, and I, and every one, must come to and depend on God for all good, both present and future."

"O," said Norry, "you can do a great deal, but I cannot; didn't you come and talk to me like an angel, and revive me; for 'tis a great comfort to see some one pity us in trouble; and sure, that's a mighty thing in itself." "Well, perhaps, you are right in the end, Norry, though you mistake a little. It is God who took pity on you, and put it in my heart to come and see you; but more than this, Norry, it is God who ordered my ways, and so worked, as to bring me into this country, and this is but a small part of what he hath done for us both. Now as you feel you can do nothing of yourself, you are in the fit condition to depend upon God, and he will save you from all trouble, and send his good spirit to sustain you in affliction, and also to teach you humility when you are in prosperity; for it is more difficult to feel our dependance when we have many

comforts, than when we are, as you have been, suffering severely in body and mind. But, Norry, you must make haste, and get upon the car at the door, and come to a better and warmer cottage, that I have provided for you all."

"No," said Norry, "no, miss, I will never go to leave this county and not to see you at all; poor and cold as this place is, I would rather stay here, so you would come now and then just to look at me, and tell me about my duty, than go to a palace in Cork, or any where else, and not see you." "I am glad to see you in this mind, but you are not now called to make such a sacrifice; you will see me oftener, please God, when you are removed, than you could if you remained here.—So, Norry, make ready, and all of you get on the car, which is at the door, and the children can walk after you, and I will shew you where I live, and put you into a cabin that is not far off from our garden." "God almighty bless you!—God comfort you! God preserve you," resounded from every mouth; and the benevolent reader may easily conceive all Miss O'Connor felt as she placed the wretched family upon the car and led the way to the adjoining village.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDLY EQUALIZATION OF PLEASURE.

THREE respectable young Frenchmen, more celebrated for their wit and amiable manners than for the weight of their purses, not being able to realize, among them, more than the sum of a hundred francs, and being desirous to figure in a grand ball, where dress coats were indispensable, hit upon the following ingenious expedient:—A dress coat of the first fashion was hired for the sum of eighty francs; this was worn by each of the three friends in succession: one of them danced from four o'clock till eight; the second, from eight till midnight, and the third from midnight till the morning-dawn. As one only was invited to supper, the twenty francs which remained of their joint purse, were employed by the two others in regaling themselves with soup, punch, &c. each of them delighted at the happy expedient they had adopted.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 24.)

He spake of love—Such love as spirits feel,
In worlds, whose course is equable and pure!
But, still on earth, to him its joys denied,
By mandate banishment, of different sires,
In distant land, of woman's veiled debasement!
"Oh, where thou go'st, I go!—Live!" she cried.—
She looked upon him.—He revived, and smiled!
The ghastly hue of the soul's sickness fled;
In his deportment, shape, and glowing face,
Shone forth true manly beauty—peace was there!—
His love was sanctioned by the holy rite—
His far home, in Moslem land, her country—
For his faith was her's!

THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY ARMENIAN VALLEY.

I DID not disturb the devotions of my kneeling countrywoman: for so, my warm European heart, at once acknowledged the lovely fair being, so apparalled, and so employed. Indeed, when in regions distant from our own land, to every wandering native of the same, we are ready to give the hand of cordial old acquaintanceship. But when that distance is stretched to another quarter of the globe; where the aspects of the people seem of a different race, and their religion seeking other objects of adoration than ours; then the sight of a Christian man, and much more the rare appearance of a Christian woman, makes our heart leap to them, as to a brother or sister. I waited, however, till this extraordinary apparition of an Englishwoman, (for her gently breathed voice, declared her to be such) praying alone in this remote solitude, in an infidel land; should arise from her devout communion with the God of all human beings—and allow me to speak to her.—When she did, her surprise was great as my own had been at meeting any person in such a reputed absolutely solitary place; and much more, when by the language in which I addressed her, she found I was indeed her countryman. Her tale was simple, as woman's heart when unspoiled by the world.—She was an orphan, living sequestered, in the family of an uncle, a poor curate, in the neighbourhood of the most

distinguished of our English colleges for the study of Asiatic letters. A young and interesting Persian of the Armenian church, coming to England, in the quality of interpreter to one of the late missions from the Shah, visited that college;—became acquainted with the curate, formed an attachment to the neice; who returning the sentiment with equal devotedness, he married her; and, when the mission was remanded back to Persia, she also, became one of the party.—In passing near the valley of the Kayorgast (or seven churches,) for so it is called, the Persians made a halt, to take some hours' repose; and their young Christian countryman, took the opportunity to bring his bride, to pay her devotions, perhaps for the last time for many years, in one of the few spots consecrated to the cross, in this other empire of the false prophet.—He could not be allowed to remain long away from the side of his chief, and he left her there; secure from apprehension, in the known loneliness of the forsaken temple; meaning, indeed, to return for the precious being he confided to the good angels hovering there, when his master should have stretched himself on his pallet to sleep. My suite having entered the solitude, by the opposite point of the valley, I, too, chanced to visit the chapel alone, and in this interval of her husband's absence, found her.—With all the glad feeling of recognising a countryman, in so distant and dreary a spot; and all the consequent almost kindred confidence of heart in what she said, and its attendant pleasure in our mutual conference, we walked through the chapels, and thus observed them.

Standing in such deep remoteness from the usual path of man, so finely wrought and so wonderfully preserved from suffering impair, the effect on us both, was that of "the church in the wilderness!" It produced an emotion, solemn, and impressive, in my bosom; in hers, one that made her weep—"I am with a fond husband, (she said,) but I am going to an infidel land—and my heart alone, must be the church, in that wilderness to me!"—The feeling was natural, and worthy a Christian matron in such circumstances;—but to dry her tears, by diverting her thoughts more expressly to the objects around us, I repeated to her the history of the place, as I had myself heard it from the friend who first induced me to visit those regions.

SAINT GREGORY,

(deemed the tutelar angel of Armenia,) was the founder of these holy structures, or rather the cause of their being dug into these forms of sacred dedication, from out of the bosom of the living rock.—It is recorded, that in the early times of Christian persecution from the heathen power of the land, he took refuge in certain caves he found already prepared, by nature, for the reception of God's holy fugitives.—In process of time, he, and other sacred characters of the same description, extended these caverns of sanctuary, into the forms they at present appear to the eye of the wondering traveller. The outward boundaries of the sacred precincts, are castellated for defence against the enemy of the true religion, even at that distant age.—One side of the venerable pile, is bulwarked by the heaven-piercing precipices of the mountain above.—Within the opposite rocky walls, rises the one great church, inclosing, under its vast excavated dome, most of the seven chapels, or churches, whence the valley takes its name.—On entering, we meet a line of separation, between two of the chapels.—Their roofs appear supported by strong columns and semi-circular arches, resembling our Saxon architecture. The sides of this sanctuary, are spread with rich sculptures of crosses, fret-work, and inscriptions in the old Armenian character. A door leads from the largest of these two first chapels, into a third, entirely hewn out of the solid rock of the mountain. The dome is lighted by a circular aperture from above; and the sides, carved into pilasters, and similar sacred ornaments with the entrance church. Within, we descried the low vaulted recess of two arches, so strikingly described by the pen and pencil of Sir Robert Porter, in his book of travels to Persia; and which, he tells us, beneath its excavated floor, contains a cemetry filled with human bones; and here, perhaps, the relics of the saint himself may mingle with the humblest of his pilgrim followers! Dust, to the earth, while the spirit rises to Him that gave it, in blest communion with all that is pure! A fourth chapel opens from this again, dug yet further into the body of the mountain, and with all the accompanying ornament of architectural design. It appears a kind of sanctum sanctorum, a large altar being hewn distinctly out from the rock, standing

in a sort of shrine-like recess, considerably elevated from the floor. Having examined all around us, with an eye of solemn curiosity, we could not discover any other egress from this chapel, than by the porch-way we had entered. I told my fair companion, there were yet three more to be explored; but in a higher part of the mountain; and besought her to accompany me; but she refused to go any farther, than back to the main entrance of the great church; "and there, (she said) I must await the re-appearance of my husband. Did I stray but one step, from the place in which he left me, his alarms would be extreme as my own terrors, were he to delay longer than I expect, his time of returning for me."

I did not urge her more; but on repassing through the chapels, and regaining the great portico of the main church, I found my own English servant, where I had posted him, awaiting me between that grand entrance and the embattled exterior wall of defence. I now resumed my persuasions, that she should not quit so extraordinary a spot without having visited all its sanctuaries; and at last succeeded, by the respectful promise of my servant, that he would faithfully keep watch there, and inform her husband, should he arrive, of these remoter recesses.—My companion then allowed me to put her arm through mine, and we proceeded. Our path lay a little onward by the rocky wall, still within the embattled boundary; when, ascending the cliff a short way, we found a door on its side, which, on entering, conducted us into a fifth chapel, very spacious, and excavated like the former, wholly out of the rock. It was divided by four massy pillars; and received light from its domed top, where an aperture was left open for the purpose. The native of the lower valley, whom I had taken as guide to this wonderful scene of former piety and holy brotherhood, assured me, that tradition described the excavations as having been commenced at the top; first opening the round holes, now the only windows of the structures, and thence digging downwards, till the whole assumed the shape we saw.—Above this chapel, we discerned several ranges of small cells, cut into the rock, for the residences of the monks; also, beyond the rampart walls, we could descry, in various other parts of the mountain, the mouths of huge caverns; and were told of many hewn caves besides, but the paths to them were too broken and precipitous

to allow of ascent.—These had been appropriated to hermits, or to the occasional lodgments of the vast numbers of pilgrims, who used, annually, to visit the holy shrine of Saint Gregory. The history of these lonesome, more distant cells, reminded me of the solitary hermitage amongst the wooded cliffs of the Coquet river in Northumberland; where the lonely chisel of a single monk, sounded down that beautiful valley for a space of forty years; during which time, the legend tells, he excavated the first cave, for his own abode; the second, for a chapel; the interior, for a place of penance. I made the remark to my fair companion; but she had never heard of the place I meant. I could not but sigh, in memory of the true lover who had so immured himself; telling her, that such a self-sacrifice, to the very sentiment which had brought her to traverse these very wilds, with the man of her heart, ought to be known, and pitied by all such.—"Repeat it to me, then," returned she, with a sigh echoing mine; "for love, even happiest, has its moments of care; what then must be its pangs, when disappointment is its portion!"

"In the case of my hermit," replied I, "tears were its food day and night!—such, indeed, was the inscription his own hand engraved over the arched door-way into his little cell.—It is there now: 'Tears have bean my food day and night.' It is in old monkish Latin, but I translate it for the female ear, my gentle auditress. The hermit had been a young warrior of great renown, who, on his return from Palestine, found a fair daughter of the family of Widdrington, to whom he had long been attached, on the point of forced nuptials with a neighbouring baron.—On visiting her father, with remonstrance against this breach of former betrothment, the old nobleman treacherously seized the brave complainant, and had him thrust into a dungeon beneath his castle prison-tower.—The young lady, who, with the beating heart of hope, had heard of her lover's arrival to demand the restoration of her vows, soon also heard of his fatal captivity; for the man, who was set to guard the dungeon, chanced to be her nurse's son; and he told her, the unhappy chief was to be privately slain there, before the morning dawn. Love, on her part, and the fidelity of a foster brother's attachment, determined to accomplish his release. A door from the dungeon-floor opened into a cavern,

and thence to the depths of a wood. The soldier gave her the key of that egress: and, habited in a suit of his clothes, (for he was a youth of delicate proportions,) she was to enter to her lover, and lead him to liberty, while her faithful assistant should meet them in the wood with horses, to carry them all far away. But the issue, alas! how different.—An emissary from the treacherous lord had been sent, to threaten the young chief, that if he did not sign a deed of resignation of all claim on the hand of the Lady Bertha, his life should do it, and that very night. The lover refused, in indignation; the messenger withdrew; and the doomed hero of so much renown, laid himself down on his straw pallet, calmly awaiting the entrance of his murderer,—'But they must be more than one,' said he to himself, with a bitter smile, 'who comes to do the base will of my destroyer!' He slept; and at the turn of midnight was startled by the creaking of a heavy opening door. On opening his eyes, he beheld a form in military garb, stealing forward towards him, from an unsuspected arch-way in his dungeon—his dull lamp shone gloomily on his approaching assassin, for so he deemed him. The chief started from his pillow, grasped his small dagger, which always lay within his vest, and, with one spring threw himself on the advancing person, and plunged it in his breast.—'Die!' cried he, 'wretched sacrifice of a treasonable employer!'—'Wretched! indeed—' murmured the voice of his beloved, for it was she, come to release him; 'I die, Bevis, but happy, since it is in your arms!'

"The grief and despair of the chief may be imagined;—he would have slain himself in agonized desperation, but she conjured him to live for her sake; to live, to expiate the sin of blood-shedding, by a life of holiness; to live in prayer, for the salvation of her parting soul. 'Take my body hence,' added she, 'and bury it, where yours may one day rest.—Without that door, you will find those who will speed you on the way.' Suffice to say, he obeyed her wish.—Her last sigh had expired with a blessing on his lip; and he, with the faithful foster brother, bore the beautiful remains to the solitary banks of the Coquet river. There he dug her a grave in the heart of the rock—there he erected a penitential altar over it—there he dispensed alms and benedictions to the poor and miserable—there his own tears of holy contrition were his body's and soul's

food.—And there, after the lapse of forty long years of hermit devout seclusion, he expired on the bosom of her tomb, and by the pious hands of the ever faithful foster-brother, was buried beneath it—

> The ashes often wept, being then, in
> Dear commingling with his own!"

My fair companion was even drying her own eyes from the effects of this little narrative, just as her husband appeared at the great entrance of the seven churches, and we were approaching it. My servant had delivered my message, and told him who I was; and the present meeting soon made us friends. We agreed to shake hands again, somewhere in Persia. Now, we parted; he, to his mussulman master; I, to my Christian pilgrimage to Ararat.—The lady's hand I put to my lips, and promised to remember her there.

D.

(To be continued.)

JAMES BEATTIE.

The name of Beattie, like an Italian landscape, requires only to be mentioned, to fill the mind, at once with ideas of beauty, gentleness, and repose:—"Beattie," as Cowper has charmingly described him, "the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with; the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books; one so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page, and, which is very rare, not only the writer but the man; and the man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely."

LETTERS FROM A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

No. XI.

(Concluded from page 33.)

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

IN sitting down to close my communications, and to take my final leave of you and your readers, I am forcibly reminded that I am also destined soon to say farewell to all my friends, and to all my comforts and engagements. It is, sir, a melancholy consideration, that as we advance to the close of our mortal journey, the mind cleaves with stronger attachment to the objects of its former love; and holds with greater tenacity those purposes in which it has ere, now, delighted. Painful and heart-rending, therefore, are those separations which are our lot as we advance in years; particularly so, as hope no longer indulges in the formation of new friendships, or in the anticipation of other sources either of pleasure or occupation. Such are the feelings of the Poor Curate: he has outlived even hope; and though his late preferment has given a little impulse to his drooping mind, and infused somewhat of vigour and animation into an old man, he yet feels that few and evil are his remaining days, and fewer still the sources left to him of human pleasure; even that which these letters have afforded me, as memory has recalled the joys of departed days, or traced its lingering yet bitter disappointment and vexation, is now about to terminate. You and I, Mr. Editor, are to say farewell; and though I may converse with you still, (for my dame is mightily fond of the Museum) yet this letter will terminate your intercourse with me. I hope most sincerely that you will live in greater vigour to amuse, inform, and instruct the female world, when my race is finished, and my pen laid down for ever. But to my history.—After remaining a few weeks with my friends, and thus recruiting my spirits and my purse, I began to think, once more, of a settlement in life. In this idea I was happily confirmed by an invitation from my old tutor at B—, who hearing of my unsettled mode of life, and retaining for

me a kind and affectionate feeling, proposed to me to undertake the duties of his parish, during his intended absence from it on urgent business. Here, to my great surprise, (for I had long been a stranger to the circumstances of the family,) I found the once loved Louisa. She had, I was informed, refused many advantageous offers, and thought of nothing now but closing a life of active benevolence and duty "in single blessedness." The lapse of years had made but little inroad on the loveliness of her person. She recognised me without hesitation, and welcomed me to B—, with the cordiality of an old friend. My former passion now revived; Louisa was yet lovely, of a fine and graceful figure: well read in modern literature; no stranger to the beauties of classic learning, and withal modest, sensible, and pious.—Need I say, that such a woman was calculated to affect the heart of even a greater stoic than myself.—Matters were soon arranged, and ere long that union was formed which, after the lapse of thirty years and more, gives, on the retrospect, unmingled satisfaction and delight.—After residing with her family for some months, I accepted my present curacy, where I have since resided, without interruption, in some degree of respectability and comfort.

The living is attached to the mastership of C——-college, Oxford; and as the incumbent is, of necessity, non-resident, I have been permitted to reside here undisturbed, through successive incumbencies.—The living is valuable, yet the curacy is not a living, and yet Dr. B., told me, on my representing the smallness of my stipend, that if I was dissatisfied, I might retire; as one of his Fellows had offered to undertake the duty at £15 per ann. less than he paid me. You will perhaps think Dr. B. a man of merit as a clergyman, to be thus preferred. The truth is otherwise, a worse parish-priest does not exist. He is a good scholar, but no divine. He can lecture well on Newton or the Ethics, but he cannot compose a sermon, even on the Decalogue. I remembered him well at Oxford. He was a stated customer at Calcott's*,

* A bookseller at Oxford who kept a stock of *original* MS. sermons to lend on hire to idle, profligate, ignorant Fellows, by whom many of the Churches in the neighbourhood were usually supplied. He is now dead—and I know not if this praise-worthy traffic is continued.

opposite Trinity and Baliol, on a Saturday afternoon;—he was a Junior Fellow when a general election took place, on a sudden dissolution; and having advocated the cause of the Treasury Candidate zealously and successfully, the Premier was pledged to his promotion.—After much manœuvering and shuffling, his predecessor got a Deanery, and he was thrust into the headship. As his duties at Oxford detained him at College nine months of the year, and needful recreation at Brighton or Bath, Tunbridge or Cheltenham, the remaining three, it is utterly impossible that we poor northern rustics should claim any of his time or attention; though our neighbouring farmers cry out at the unreasonableness of his claims on them.

By-the-bye, Mr. Editor, have you seen Bearblock on Tithes? it is a wonderful book, even for a lawyer—much more for a divine.—Our rector has just sent the last edition of it down to me, with a recommendation, that I should lecture on it to our people; and he even adds that, unless certain propositions he has made, which, to tell truth, it would be madness to comply with, be accepted, he shall get his friend Bearblock to come down among us, practically to teach us how to tithe mint, anise, and cumming.—From certain information received from my Rector, I would say woe to us, if such an event ever took place*. Now, surely, Mr. Editor, it would be wise and prudent if these College parsons would be moderate in their demands; for, generally speaking, men are disposed to give, without litigation, a fair and even liberal stipend to the incumbent—but if the divine right of tithes be set up on one side, and every iota of right demanded, we must not be surprised if the people should, in turn, ask, if there be no duties of a *personal* nature connected with these rights. I would allow no duties with enormous salaries to be executed by deputy whether in church or state—and therefore, Mr. Editor, undeterred by Rowland Hill's "Sale of Curates," and all its reasoning and arguments, I have given my Curate notice that, old as I am, I mean to remove to my living, in person to discharge its duties.

---

* Your Essex readers will need no key to this allusion—nor the Editor of King's Bench Term Reports.

But, sir, I have had other cares. In the neighbouring parish of St. L—, dwells a lawyer, of no mean fame, in some way connected with a celebrated preacher among the Dissenters. He is an ardent friend of liberty, when liberty does not injure or thwart his interest. It, however, so happened, that in some matters of public interest I found myself called upon to differ, and that very widely, with my neighbour. The measures he was professionally advocating appeared to me utterly irreconcileable with consistency of conduct, or even common honesty. With characteristic but injudicious warmth I opposed him; and notwithstanding I privately stated my feelings even before I publicly objected to his measures; yet, such is human nature, we separated for ever, although previously sworn friends.

"Auri sacra fames quid non mortalia pectora cogis."

Now, sir, of all virtues consistency is that which throws, in my mind, a hallowed and lovely feeling over every other.—What is then to be said of men who for the love of filthy lucre will sacrifice conscience, duty, and feeling? In consequence of these circumstances and the weight of interest now employed against me, nothing more providential could happen than my late small preferment.

I have yet one more trial to record; its mention harrows up my very soul; at the same time that there is a satisfaction, painful and melancholy indeed, in its retrospect, to which my mind reverts in those hours of sadness and solitude, by which it is occasionally oppressed.—I had one only daughter, lovely as the tender flower of spring. In form, in grace, in mind, an angel. Endowed with the talents of superior genius; beautiful as parent's heart could desire to love.—I had clung with the fondest anticipation of expectation and delight to this child of promise; I had watched the opening of her mind and genius; I had tasted of the reciprocities of undivided love; I had destined her to those pursuits by which her taste might have been improved, her talents cultivated, her mind expanded.—But, in one sad hour, these prospects were obscured, these hopes blasted, these expectations frustrated! Her sun went down while it was yet day. If, sir, you are a parent, you will forgive the tear which witnesses to the poignancy of my grief. Every look, and word, and action of her's, haunts my imagi-

nation, whether in retirement, or in the world; and the recollection of her virtues and her love, continue to cast a gloom over every succeeding moment of my wretched existence: yet shall I never forget while memory retains its seat, never, what hope animated her dying countenance, what gleam of pious joy suffused her pallid cheeks, when the cold dews of death oppressed her departing spirit. Yes, she was lovely in death—and I rejoice now that she has escaped from a world wherein her aged parent is yet tempest-tost; surrounded by cares, perplexities, and sorrows.

Amid these troubles, my latter days seem as if they would be gilded by some gleams of prosperity and comfort.—My brother, of whom I have before spoken, has recently returned in health, with an ample fortune, the fruits of his own industry, economy, and suffering in the East.—An excellent mansion in my own parish, being vacant he now proposes to purchase, and hither are to be collected the remnant of our family, that we may descend in peaceful retirement to our last home; diffusing around our poorer neighbours of the abundance of our providential mercies; guiding them by the maxims and counsels of religion and morality, until they shall have been trained to the performance of every virtue.—To forward this good work will now be the uninterrupted employment of one, who, freed from the daily cares of poverty, will look back with pleasure on the pilgrimage of

A Northumberland Curate.

LOVE-LORN MANIAC.

A few miles from Florence, a lady of singular beauty and exquisite symmetry was found dead beneath a tree. She held fast in her lifeless hand the miniature painting of a gentleman, and upon her breast was pendant a paper, inscribed with the following words: "O! you who have hearts susceptible of sympathy and compassion! if ye find the remains of a woman who lost her reason for love, do not disdain to fulfil her desire, and perform the last sad office of affording her a coffin and a grave. Would you open her bosom, which in all the events and vicissitudes of chequered fortune remained chaste and pure, you will find therein a heart the victim of suffering and woe."

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THE tailor had unfortunately carried the court suit to a wrong house; there was a crowd in the street, and two or three men had tugged at his bundle; so, in a state of alarm, he ran hastily into a hall, where the door happened to be open, thinking it was the right number, and gave the whole paraphernalia into the hands of a valet, who, *par accident*, was lounging in the porter's chair, said porter being absent, playing out a pool of piquet, in the butler's pantry. Now the valet had been up late at a *petit souper* after the opera, and having drank a little too much champaign, was rather oblivious; so he concluded that the parcel which he had just received was the very bundle he had been sent to fetch; and his master's cabriolet being at the door, he stepped into it, and ordered the groom home. In the mean time, there was a hue-and-cry at the other end of the street, the Hon. Tom Brilliant was going to the levee, and had already dispatched fourteen messengers after his court dress: it was exceedingly well fancied, from a device of his own; the colour, a rich shade between amaranthine and pompadour; the cravat was of white gros de Naples; the vest of the same, delicately embroidered with a wreath of rose-buds; and the under waistcoat, pink satin, lightly edged with silver. His stock of patience was entirely exhausted, when the dreadful news arrived of the mistake in the delivery: inquiries were instantaneously set on foot, at every house, on each side of the way; but in consequence of the valet having carried off the bundle, whilst the porter was engaged at cards, no news whatever could be obtained. Mr. Brilliant stood, the living statue of despair. It was the last levee of the season, to kiss hands, too, for an appointment: the crisis was awful. Mr. Jessamy, his gentleman, at length broke silence. "Let me run down to Covent Garden, sir, and borrow the suit in which Mr. Charles Kemble played Doricourt, last night; Mr. C. Kemble, you know, sir, is a man of taste, and about your size, too; I think, sir, in the masquerade scene, I never saw a more finished style; as to dress and deportment, quite the man of fashion." "I dare say, Jessamy, you know

I can never get to a theatre, they are over so early; I tried for two years to see Giovanni in London, and never accomplished more than the last scene. A snuff-coloured coat, I suppose?" "No, sir, nothing of Hardham or Fribourg; a bloomy puce, purple seam,—quite regal, I assure you, sir." Away went the chariot with Jessamy to Covent Garden; and excepting that the Doricourt of last night was half an inch taller and stouter, in proportion, than the present occupant, the dress turned out remarkably well; still the glory of the day was over, and Mr. Brilliant, in point of appearance, could only rank with the dowager men, who rake out their old wardrobes upon every new occasion, and trouble themselves little about the fit, or still worse with the economists who have all the appliances and means to boot, with which they approach the throne. The court-dress travelled half over London; before night, it had fallen into the hand of one of the harum-scarum tribe, the very antipodes to Mr. Brilliant. Two horses had already been tired out in the cabriolet, young Dareall therefore called a Hackney-coach, and desired his groom to go home, and tell the valet to send his things to dress at ten o'clock, at the club. The valet had an engagement of his own, at the precise moment, so he left orders with the chambermaid, to put up his master's things; she, willing to save herself trouble, and a little piqued at this sweet youth's abandonment of her tea-party, for his great acquaintance at my Lord Duke's second table, merely added the necessary linen to the pacquet which she supposed contained the last night's wardrobe; which the groom carried to the appointed place, and then put up his weary cattle for the day. The Hackney-coach which contained Dareall broke down in the city; it rained very heavily, and a possé of coal-heavers who were carousing under the porch of a public house, thought fit to pick a quarrel with the gentleman; Dareall shewed courage and science, and came off victorious in the encounter, but his white great coat was terribly deteriorated by its collision with the vestments of his antagonists, and he was, moreover, wet through. Another Hackney-coach carried him to the club, and opening the bundle, the glittering habiliments, intended for Mr. Brilliant, met his astonished gaze. Owen Glendor, himself, never reckoned up so many devil's names as Dareall now enumerated; yet there was nothing to be done, save to

array himself in the full dress coat, and set forward on his nocturnal expeditions. He had promised to make his appearance at Lady Spangle's assembly, and it being the day of the levee, his attire would not be particularly singular, especially as he could say that he was going to a fancy ball. He sent for a Hackney-coach, and after waiting half an hour, learned that there was not one to be had; fortunately, the weather had changed, the stars were now shining in a clear sky; and borrowing a military cloak from one of the waiters, he sallied forth into the streets.

He found Lady Spangle's *soiseé* exceedingly dull, not a pretty girl in the room, and nobody of any note, except fat Lady Routabout, and her five skeleton daughters. Meeting with a Baronet of his acquaintance, they agreed to try another quadrille ball in the neighbourhood, Dareall was to be introduced by his friend, and he took a seat in his carriage; but just as they were upon the stairs, and separated by the necessity of making way for a torrent of ladies, a passing M. P. seized upon Sir John, and carried him off, *vi et armis*, to the House of Commons, to give his vote upon a bill for the security of the architects of straw bonnets against foreign monopoly; so that Dareall, unconscious of his companion's detention, proceeded alone. He made his way into the drawing-room, with some difficulty, and looking around him, saw nothing but strange faces: this was a minor evil, to a man of the world, so he still pressed forward, expecting to see somebody that he knew, at every step. He arrived at the other end of the suite, and stationed himself at an open window, where the night breeze wafted perfume from the shivered silver of the clamatis, and the crimson flush of clustering roses. It was very delightful to gaze upon bright eyes and blooming flowers; but still he felt isolated and alone in the centre of that glittering ring. Now the fates decreed that Mr. Brilliant, enveloped from head to foot in a suit of sables, should be performing *le levelier seul*, in the hollow square of a quadrille, and turning round, whilst executing a grand pironette, espied the identical amaranth-tinted coat, gros de Naples cravat, and delicately-embroidered waistcoat, upon the person of a stranger, a fine handsome elegant-looking young man, the very Doricourt which he had vainly hoped to personate, when he had promised Lady Mary Pedigree to dance with her, just as he appeared

at the levee. He was horrified; he had scarcely handed his partner to a seat, ere he endeavoured to approach the gentleman who had ensconced himself in his court dress: this was a difficult undertaking in the present state of affairs; meanwhile he told his grievances to several persons, as he elbowed his way along; the story began to be buzzed about, and all eyes were fixed upon Dareall; he soon became aware that he attracted observation, and their looks, of no very pleasant nature, were directed to him; he put his hands into his pockets, not a card or a letter could he find, to prove his title to admission into fashionable society. Sir John's evasion was a perplexing circumstance; and withdrading from view, amid the flowering shrubs, to consider how he should act, in the event of being questioned, concerning his intrusion, he found himself in the balcony; he walked to the end of it; there was only one step to the division belonging to the next house, and he was over the railing, in a moment. In this manner, climbing from balcony to balcony, he made good his retreat for a considerable distance, sometimes shaded by a viranda, at others, under the bright cope of heaven; at last, he came to an unfastened window, and in he went. The drawing-room was deserted, but as he was going down stairs, he met a young lady coming up; she startled, turned as pale as a ghost, yet did not scream. "Do not be alarmed, madam," said he, "for Heaven's sake." She replied, in a whisper, "Speak not a word. Never, surely, was any thing so unfortunate. Whether you are a robber or a nobleman, tread upon the carpet, and hold your breath, or I am undone," and motioning him to ascend, she followed with the candle. Arriving on the landing-place of the second floor, and too much agitated to make any enquiry, why or wherefore he had entered so unceremoniously, she led the way into a handsome bed-chamber, and opening a closet, earnestly begged him to go in; he obeyed, and she immediately locked the door upon him, and left him to darkness and reflection. An hour elapsed, in which the sound of an angry voice penetrated the upper region, wherein he was confined; the noise gradually died away; he heard footsteps approaching, and applying his eye to the key-hole, saw his fair conductress enter with a companion, young and beautiful as herself.

"A gentleman!" cried one, how extraordinary, in the midst of this bustle and confusion." "Certainly, a gentleman,"

said the other, "and in a court dress; you see, my dear girl, how easy it is to be slandered, innocently; he must have dropped from the skies, for our sins, for there is my guardian, below, with Delmour's letter, which he has intercepted, in his hand, declaring that he shall have the house attacked and invaded by lovers in disguise; and James and Richard are to set up all night, in the hall; they have got their pistols and blunderbusses loaded, and they will shoot this unhappy stranger, to a certainty, if he should attempt to make his exit through the street-door; yet it will be impossible to keep him here all night; besides, the irreparable injury to our reputation, should he be found out." "Make yourself easy, my dear Helen," cried her auditor, "though the passes, below, are guarded, thanks to the fears of our nervous uncle, there is the fire escape." "A lucky thought," exclaimed Helen, and immediately opened the door. Whilst releasing Dareall from durance, she besought him to avail himself of the proposed method of egress; and though loath to leave such angelic company, in pity to their terrors, he complied. A touch unfolded an iron ladder, and taking a tender, yet respectful, farewell of Helen, and her fair sister, in two minutes more he was at large, in the streets of London.

The amaranth coat, intended to complete Mr. Brilliant's conquest over Lady Mary Pedigree, procured for the more fortunate Dareall the hand of a co-heiress. He had left a very pleasing impression upon the mind of the disengaged lady, on the night of his adventures, and it was not long ere he and the equally enterprizing Delmour carried off the rich and beautiful prizes from all competitors.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

The immortal painter served an apprenticeship to the trade of a pastry-cook. In the early part of his life he showed no symptoms of that astonishing genius which, in his more advanced years, shone out in works that are beheld with admiration by all the world. At first he could with difficulty be taught the rudiments of art, but he exerted himself to explore the true principles of painting, by examining nature. He studied in the open fields, where he frequently continued from sun-rise, till dusk in the evening.

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 19.)

If tired of home, by too much comfort cloy'd,
Where ev'ry pleasure wish'd is there enjoy'd;
To Erin come, and seek the peasant's cot,
With bed of straw, and poverty his lot.—
Then, supperless and sleepless, learn to prize
The very blessings which you now dispise.

*****

"What is it you would have?" cried the grey-headed coifed matron, with a voice that declared her arm, as strong as its proclaimed resolution. "If you follow me a step farther, by all blessed saints of this heavenly place, I will break the precious liquor in this earthen vessel over your wicked head." "Good dame," answered the man, "be patient, and hear me.—Have I not told you, I would do you no wrong?—I here swear to you, I was sent by them that loved you."—"You were sent by the devil's imps in red, as you are one of them yourself, to persuade me that holding speech with Satan, is no sin; and that 'tis doing my own flesh and blood no wrong, to empty this blithe cag of the *cratur* in the dirty cans of the scarlet hounds that hunt after my husband's life and liberty, for the brewing of it.—Get you gone, or the ban of the reprobate be on you." "Dame O'Donoughoe," replied the male voice, "once more, I repeat, I have nothing to do with your cag's contents; but ban me not if I suspect them unlawful. Why, at sight of me stepping towards you over the furze, did you start up and run away, as if you had, indeed, been caught at evil work?—Did I not call to you, I came on friendly errand?" "Yes; so did the devil, when he tempted our good saint Patrick; but the holy man bade him avaunt;—*a burnt child dreads the fire;* so I say, Stand off, heretic, and tell me your business." "I am a soldier, as you see," returned the pursuer, "and an English protestant, according to your curse; but my business will tell you, that a good Christian stands for principles, not words.—I fought at the battle of

Waterloo; before me, charged our young sergeant: he led us bravely on, till a shot took him in the breast.—He fell backwards, and I caught him on my arm.—In the midst of the smoke of the battle, I held him there for a few moments. 'Comrade,' cried he, 'I have got my death-wound,—you have been my friend,—hear my last will: You know I enlisted in Ireland; but I never told you I am a catholic.—You now see such an one can fight, and die, for the glóry of England!—Oh! that all of either faith, in both countries, would believe that union of hearts is the best ability,—the only sure sovereignty.—But I have a mother, who was strong in resentment, bitter in prejudice.—She will now, perhaps, forgive I did not hate where she anathamatized,—I did not despise the honour of a British soldier. Carry her that medal which Wellington gave me on our last field in Spain; and tell her to give it to my brave father: you will find them both at Tara; but tell her, that from this, my last field on earth, I conjure her, no more to pray for my unabsolved soul, than for herself to love even them she thinks her enemies; and so win them to know, that the Irish heart requires only *to be trusted*, to be found faithful unto death.' And with these words he died."

"And who is this mother you are to find at Tara?" cried the dame, gasping for breath. "I had a son, who enlisted five years ago, because ——" and she faltered and turned pale; but recovering herself, continued with a firm voice, "I forbade him, on pain of my curse, marrying a heretic girl in the town. Do not tell me it is him!" and she grasped the soldier's arm. He sobbed aloud "He was my comrade,—there is the medal,—and there his token, the silver cross yourself tied round his neck in infancy." The mother's voice now arose with a shriek, "It is, it is! my son, my son! *O hone, O hone!*" and she fled wildly through the ruins, ejaculating the dismal death-wails of her country. The soldier slowly followed her, wiping the drops of manly sorrow from his cheeks."

To pursue reading the old manuscript any further, at this moment, I felt to be impossible. My spirit was in arms to act, rather than to think. I could have wept with that soldier; I could have proclaimed "Peace!" with the last tones of the dying man, to all who would strike the hands of mutual

confidence; and with the true hearts of brethren, born in the noblest empire of happy Christendom, say to each other, in the words of holiest fellowship, "Why should we separate? where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people are my people; thy God, my God! let us, then, abide together; and where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried."

Before the moon rose, that very night, while I was yet sitting with Sadeb, in her little cabin parlour, and hearing her plaintive voice, still more touching by its often tremulous tones, recount the fine and gallant boyhood of the young Maurice O'Donoughoe; while a tear slid, stealingly, from her heavenward eye,—a low, and melancholy wail, but of many voices, as from the out-courts of the palace ruins, rose suddenly, on my ear. My start, and the amazed expression of my countenance, called forth an immediate response from Sadeb. "They are performing the wake of poor Maurice." The last word was uttered indistinctly; and her head fell on my shoulder, in a passion of grief. He had been the playmate of her own brave brother, also no more; and she wept, even to convulsiveness. I held her in my arms, as a mother would the babe that sheltered there. I was silent, also; all but my fond and tenderly-beating heart,—and it longed to clasp her close, and cry, "Dearest, never leave this bosom more!" But, even at that time, my soul seemed suspended between two feelings, love, and awe. While I felt her sobbing tears upon my cheek, and listened to the lamenting sounds without, as they rose and fell, and rose again; like the *soughing* of a multitude of trees, when shaken by a fitful coming tempest: so monotonous, low, sad, and bewailing, they were, at one time; then, anon, loud, shrieking, and full of sorrow's bitterest anguish. I know not that my soul, ever before, felt so extraordinary an emotion. There was something even supernatural in the sounds. With such, the wretched spirits in purgatory, might mourn their sins unshrived. And, such as I saw the beautiful Sadeb rise from my arms in tears, and with hands clasped in prayer, some pitying angel might move forth, to minister to pleading penitence. "Let us go," said she; "his body lies buried, far away from these sad obsequies; but I would not be absent from the mass for his brave soul. I would not that his mother should miss me." Again her tears flowed afresh; and putting her hand through

my arm, I led her out of the cabin, and the great court, to a wide open space before the old embattled wall. Lamps, and torches of flaring bog-wood, were stationed, at different distances, amongst an immense circle of human beings, all in dark, hooded garments, seated together, on the earth; and surrounding, as it were, a low black bier, with various vessels of food before them. Some ate, others did not; but all bent down their heads, and at regular intervals kept up the unceasing "*O, hone! O, hone!*" At sight of the white garments of Sadeb, approaching from the palace-porch, the shriek which burst from one female breast, thrilled me to the bone. It was the mother of the dead: and she rose up from the side of the black bier, where she had been bewailing, in deeper notes of woe, because the body of her son was not on it. "The mistress is come!" cried she, "now, but for me, the rite is full."—Immediately the whole circle rose with a simultaneous movement, the torches were taken in the hands nearest to them, and the bier lifted. Just as the funeral rank was formed, the moon's disk edged from the dark horizon, and a howl, rather than a strain of any human grief, burst from the entire assembly. I clasped Sadeb close to my heart. Had I been suddenly transported with her, into a midnight desert of yelling savages, I could hardly have been more appalled, "Fear not," whispered she, "is not death a penalty for sin? and shall we not thus shew our horror of the transgression? our sense of the dread infliction?" "Yes," answered I, trembling, with a strong vibration of nerves, while she walked firm, though sadly, as a mourner, "But have we not the expiation of penitence, the divine promise of immortality, to take this sting from death? This is the despair of heathenism." "May be," returned she; "but it is also the humbled acknowledgment of nature. Within the church; there, before the altar of heaven, its peace will be proclaimed to erring, redeemed man. Then, this wailing will cease; and the jubilee of gladness, that a soul is saved, break from these sorrowing hearts!" "And is such the meaning of the Irish wake?" "It is," replied she, "to all who understand it." "Ah! then, my beloved," was my eager response, "would to heaven, that your priesthood would teach them this! then we might have good-will, and peace amongst us all, as universal brethren." "Yes," was her sweet and solemn reply, "if your

priesthood, and every Christian priesthood, would also teach all that look up to them for instruction, that *good-will to men, is the principle of religion;* and that *he who best promotes the happiness of his fellow-creatures, is the best Christian, whether he be catholic or protestant!* then we should have universal peace, and be, indeed, one people, loyal, and virtuous, and happy. Let every man do his duty here below," added she, with a soft smile, "and where will then be any sign of complaint? But we would have all perfect, save ourselves." "You teach me candour, Sadeb," and I put her hand to my fond lips, with ardent reverence. "No," timidly she responded; "I remind you only, that we are yet creatures under probation; and must bear with each other. Bear then, with my presumption, to him who is to be my master." And ere I was aware, her lip had gently touched my hand.

This was the love of the purest heart that ever beat in a virgin bosom;—this was the love of the noblest lady that ever was born of princely blood; so true, so dignified, so humble,—the love of woman! Oh! it was heaven's comforter to man, when he first left Paradise; it is the sweet dove of that blessed region, that is to wing us back again. But I forget the mourning scene, in which we were engaged, in this ecstacy of remembered rapture, in which an angel might have shared. On our first moving forward, with the dark and wailing procession, one of the shadowy figures had stepped from the head of the bier, and stretching out his arm from under his long sweeping cloak, placed a circlet of gems upon her head. "There, my daughter," said the old prince, for it was he, by an act of the heart's condescension, gracing the last rites of his faithful follower's son. "These works of past power, we only now wear at the hour of a birth, a marriage, or a funeral. O! long may it be, before the last occasion calls your brows to be so bound again!" She knelt to her father; the procession had paused for a moment, in loyal reverence. He threw up his hood for that moment, and blessed her loudly and solemnly,—the last daughter of the royal race of Conn. She rose; the hood again fell over the august mourner's pale, but strongly-marked visage; hiding its noble features, and the faded regal insignia on his forehead, at once from the gazers' eyes. The howl burst forth, and they moved on. The parents, shrouded from

head to foot, silent as the corpse which ought to have slept there, kept their slow and tremulous step on each side of the bier. I supported the princess, for so my heart saw she yet was in the souls of all here present; and, together we glided on in the lamenting train. The path lay through a winding narrow valley: the deep shadow of whose wooden promontories, cast a blacker shade over the long sinuous line of the dark procession; and the reverberating hills, sent back the low, or swelling notes of the Irish *coronoch;* in full, tremulous, or dying sounds, from the near, or distant echoes. "The spirits of his fathers answer us!" cried the mother, clasping her extended hands, and looking towards the deep mountain glen of Rathoath, "mourn, mourn, halls of Tara! your kings have no more a son, and the heir of your gate lies in a foreign grave! *O hone! O hone!*" With this return to the customary burthen of the dirge, the whole company joined again in chorus; and so continued, till the bier stopped at the door of the ancient chapel of the palace. There, it was received by the priests; but left standing at some distance from the altar, where the solemn mass was performed for the soul's repose of him that was interred far away. When the rite was over, then, as Sadeb had predicted, the *te Deum* of thanksgiving, pealed from the organ, which yet breathed its noble tones to heaven, in this decoying spot. The late mourners joined in the hymn, and quitted the church, singing the sacred chaunt. The moon broke full from a cloud, as I led Sadeb from the porch. Again she leaned on my arm, and we passed across a lone hill together; at times listening to the voices in the winding dell beneath; and catching views of the passing groups, either as the broad light of the planet fell on them, or where the partial gleams of the torches they carried, shewed them occasionally penetrating some deeply-shadowed rocky grove. "How striking! how touching to the heart is this scene!" whispered I to my loved companion. "Because it is all from the heart," replied she. "Live amongst this people, and you will find that kindness is the sceptre by which you may rule here, without sword or sceptre. Honour is the guard of an Irish heart, and affection holds the key!"—my friend, you can understand what must have been in mine at this moment.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE PEERAGE OF ENGLAND. By N. Harris Nicolas, Esq. 1826, 2 vols. royal 18mo. Works of this kind generally extend no further than to the existing nobility, and their ancestors; but the volumes before us include accounts of the creation, descent, and present state of every title of peerage, which has existed in this country, since the conquest. This "Synopsis" seems to be very carefully compiled, and it affords a great deal of useful information in a small compass.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM VEITCH AND GEORGE BRYSSON; written by themselves. With Biographical Sketches and Notes, by Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 8vo. The authors of these "memoirs" lived in the reigns of Charles I., and his successor, when the hand of power being exerted to oppress the Presbyterians, the usual effect of persecution appeared, in the increased attachment of the people and their pastors to the religion of Calvin and Knox; and their ultimate rebellion against the government which interfered with their fanatical prejudices. The editor, whose former works on the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, are creditable to his talents, has done well in rescuing from oblivion, these interesting memorials of former times; the value of which is encreased by his own additions.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU HAUSSET, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour. 1825. 12mo. This is a translation from the French, of a work, which appears to be authentic, and is certainly curious; but which is by no means adapted for the perusal of every class of readers.

TRAVELS, &c.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY INTO KHORASAN, in 1821 and 1822, &c. &c. By James B. Frazer, author of "A Tour in the Himala Mountains, &c. 4to. This is the work of an intelligent traveller, who adds to the interest of his details by frequently deviating from the track of his predecessors. He supplies us with some curious information relating to the present state of Persia; and gives some anecdotes, not at all to his credit, concerning the character and behaviour of the late Persian Ambassador, at the British court, who must be remembered by many of our readers, as the general object of attention in the metropolis, a few years ago. The present publication is only the first volume of Mr. Frazer's work, which will be completed in another; the favourable reception of which may be fairly anticipated by the author.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO BRAZIL, CHILI, PERU, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, during the years 1821, and 1822. By G. Mathison, Esq. 1825. 8vo. South America has, within these few years, been visited by so many European travellers, and so much has been published concerning it, that it requires extraordinary talents or opportunities to be able to relate anything novel and interesting on the subject. Mr. Mathison has gleaned a few facts, previously unnoticed; but his best observations have been anticipated, and he has reason to exclaim, in the words of the old adage, *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixissent*; a sentiment which must, indeed, often occur to a modern author.

A HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE of Twenty Years Residence in South America: containing Travels in Aranco, Chili, Peru, and Columbia; with an Account of the Revolution, &c. &c. By W. B. Stevenson. 3 vols. 8vo. The author of this work was formerly Private Secretary to the Governor of Quito, and since Secretary to Lord Cochrane. From the stores of information to which these offices must have given him access, he has collected materials for these useful and amusing volumes.

NOVELS.

THE TALES OF THE CRUSADERS, by the author of Waverley: Tale I, The Betrothed. Tale II, The Talisman. 4 vols. Post 8vo. The beauties and the faults of the Waverley Novels are so various and peculiar, as almost to bid defiance to criticism. Ever since the first appearance of this author in the field of Literature, his character and pretensions have been the subjects of disputes, yet undecided, and likely long to remain so: but while he can boast of such unequivocal demonstrations of public favour, both at home and abroad, as those with which he has been honoured, it is not at all likely that the opinions of his critical contemporaries should have any weight with him; were we not therefore restricted by other considerations, we should feel no disposition to throw away our advice on so unpromising a subject. The work now before us was obscurely announced at the end of one of the volumes of St. Ronan's Well; and it has been ever since anxiously expected. The topics introduced into these "Tales" are such as are congenial to the taste of the writer, who is never more at home than amidst scenes of chivalry, and romantic enterprise. Of the success with which he has executed his purpose, there may be some variety of opinion; but, notwithstanding an inequality of manner observable in these productions, we have no doubt they will rank high among the works of the author; and with those of other writers it is unnecessary to compare them.

BROTHER JONATHAN; or the New Englanders. 3 vols. 12mo. American Novels come before us, now, as often as French ones; and many of both are not worth the labour and expence of re-printing. We

do not however mean to extend this censure to "Brother Jonathan," whose striking delineations of New English manners are interesting as well as amusing, notwithstanding their coarseness. This is the fault of the subject rather than the writer, who will, we trust, be induced to favour us with more specimens of his skill in drawing national and individual portraits.

POETRY.

THE TROUBADOUR; Poetical Sketches of modern Pictures and Historical Sketches. By L. E. L. 12mo. Miss Landon's former productions have been so well received by the public, that her re-appearance before us, is what might naturally have been expected. There is more variety in these pieces than in the preceding effusions of fancy, with which she has interested and entertained us. We have already laid before our readers some specimens of this lady's poetry; and we shall endeavour, shortly, to give them another opportunity for appreciating the beauties of her composition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POETICAL WORKS, the Correspondence, and other Prose Pieces of Anna Letitia Barbauld. With a memoir, by Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. It is unnecessary to do more than announce this publication, with portions of which many must have been familiar, from the commencement of their acquaintance with literature.

FACETIÆ CANTABRIGIENSES. 12mo. 1825. This is a jest-book, and like most works of the kind, it is principally deficient in novelty. We should have thought that the collective wit of the University of Cambridge might have produced something more original and altogether superior to this volume: but probably neither the University, nor any of its members, had any concern in its publication.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Mrs. Hemans.—A new volume of poems by this lady, intitled "The Forest Sanctuary: with Lays of many Lands," &c. is about to appear.

Mineralogy.—A plan has lately been made public for establishing a mineralogical school at Redruth, in Cornwall; for the improvement of the mines in that county.

Professor Buckland of Oxford, has had a magnificent snuff-box presented to him, by the Emperor of Russia, as a mark of approbation, for his successful cultivation of mineralogy.

National Monument.—The Americans are erecting a commemorative column on Bunker's Hill. The first stone was laid on the 17th of June, in the presence of the officers of state, General La Fayette, &c.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR JULY, 1825.

After a Session of unusual interest, from the importance of the subjects which came under discussion, the Parliament was prorogued, by the Lord Chancellor, and other Commissioners, appointed for that purpose, on the 6th of this month. The royal speech, as usual, contained allusions to the principal affairs agitated during the Session, as well as to the general state of the nation. The situation of Ireland was noticed, and it was observed that the tranquillity and improved condition of that part of the United Kingdom would render the extraordinary powers with which his Majesty was invested, no longer necessary for the public safety. It was stated, that the strongest assurances had been received from foreign powers, of their friendly disposition towards this country, and desire to maintain the general peace. Hopes were also expressed of the speedy termination of the Burmese war. The speech terminated with congratulations on the favourable state of our finances; and remarks on the measures adopted for the advantage of our colonies. Parliament stands prorogued to the 25th of next month.

The king lately held his third levee, this season, at Carlton Palace, when the attendance was very numerous and splendid. On the 4th inst. his Majesty gave his first entertainment, at St. James's Palace, since the improvements there have been completed. There was a grand ball and supper, the latter of which took place in the banquetting-room, an apartment decorated with the utmost magnificence. The company, which consisted of about five hundred persons of distinction, began to arrive at ten o'clock, dancing commenced at eleven, and all had left the palace by four o'clock in the morning. A new mansion is erecting for the Duke of York, the first stone of which was laid on the 19th. At Vauxhall, very lately, the Duke of Devonshire invited all the fashionables he met in the gardens, to join him in a supper party. On the 18th, the Lord Mayor gave a grand entertainment, on the river, to a large party. The French General, Marshal Macdonald, has lately been travelling in Scotland, which is the country of his ancestors; and where his appearance has excited much notice. It is said, that the Duke of Angouleme will shortly visit this country; after the conclusion of the fetes and ceremonies of the coronation. Lord Cochrane has arrived at Portsmouth,

in the Brazilian frigate Peranga. It has been reported, that he will not return to Brazil; and also, that he will be invited to join in the cause of the Greeks.

Foreign Events.—A serious riot has taken place among the students of the University of Pavia, whose numbers amount to two or three thousand. The gendarmes were called in to disperse them, when several of the students were killed, and forty-eight wounded, as well as some of the soldiers. Great numbers of the former have since left the city. A German robber, named Riachelmanso, has been arrested at Bremen, who has long been the terror of the country. His depredations have been so daring, and conducted with so much art, that he has been compared with the famous French plunderer, Cartouche. A dispute has taken place in the Bay of Cadiz, between the commander of his Majesty's frigate, Active, and the captain of a French brig of war, stationed there to enforce the quarantine laws. The British officer, very properly, resisted the usurped power of the French; which appears to be not quite consistent with the late treaty of occupation.

The affairs of the Greeks appear to be still in a very unsettled state; but they seem, on the whole, to be gaining ground. They have obtained several advantages over the Turks; but their greatest danger arises from internal dissention. However, Ibrahim Pacha has taken Old and New Navarino, and made many prisoners; and the siege of Missolonghi is still carried on, the garrison of which is reduced to great extremities. The Turks expect to be attacked by Colocotroni, who has assumed the chief command of the Greek forces.

In India, Colonel Richards has taken Rumpore, the capital of the kingdom of Assam, from the Burmese; and other advantages have been gained; but nothing seems to have taken place, decisive of the ultimate fate of the contest; which might, from the weakness and incapacity of the Burmese government, have been expected, ere now, to have been terminated in our favour.

Intelligence has been received of the totol defeat of Olaneta, the last of the Spanish generals, commanding in Upper Peru. Callao, however, still holds out, and the Spanish governor, Rodil, is suspected of having been concerned in a very disgraceful scheme against the patriots. A plot was laid to assassinate Bolivar, the President of Columbia, who, on his way to a public entertainment, at Lima, is reported to have been attacked by some persons, who stabbed M. Monteagudo, who accompanied him, but the President, himself, escaped injury.

Domestic Occurrences.—A person named John Dodds, appeared at Bow-Street, charging Sir Richard Birnie with having violently assaulted him, on the night of the king's ball. He afterwards withdrew the accusation, and fixed it on Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster,

who appeared at the office, and contradicted the testimony of the complainant, who, however, persisting in the charge, and supporting his testimony by that of his wife and her sister, Mr. Lee was held to bail. Mr. Rodriguez, a Portuguese merchant in the city, applied to the Lord Mayor, on account of the rebellious and unnatural behaviour of his two sons, who had threatened to poison him. His lordship advised the complainant to send the boys from home. Mr. S. Dixon, the common-council man, was charged, at Union Hall, with assaulting the groom of a gentleman, who lives near him, at Walworth; and who stated, that Mr. Dixon was "at war with all around him." The warrant, however, was withdrawn. At the same office, a decent-looking man, named Massey, was brought up on a charge of felony, having broken open a box in a house where he lodged. The prisoner acknowledged his crime, and stated that he had committed it in hopes of being sent to Botany Bay. Thomas Baker, a clerk at the Two-Penny Post Office, Lombard-Street, was remanded by the Lord Mayor, under a charge of secreting a letter, containing cash. A flour factor was summoned to the Mansion-house, charged with selling flour adulterated with plaster of Paris; but it appearing, on examination by Mr. Clarke, of Apothecaries' Hall, that the article complained of was only adulterated with bean-flour, the charge was dismissed. William Christmas, a clerk, lately in the service of Messrs Hoares', the bankers, was committed for further examination, on a charge of embezzling Exchequer Bills, to a large amount, the property of his employers. A Mrs. Chilton complained to the magistrate, of the cruelty of her husband, in having driven her eleven miles from home, in a gig, and compelled her to jump out; and driven away without her. As no legal assault could be proved, the ill-assorted couple were advised *to agree to separate.* A young woman in Carnaby-Street, charged a tailor named Richard Cox, with stealing her watch, and threatening her life. Mr. Cox, it appeared, was a rejected lover, and though the taking the watch did not, from circumstances, amount to theft, he was ordered to find bail, to answer the other part of the charge. The magistrate at Worship-Street was occupied a whole day, in examining nearly one hundred persons, taken up for rioting in Whitecross-Street. The affair originated in an accidental quarrel among some Irish labourers, and the parties were not taken till after a severe and bloody engagement with the constables of St. Luke's parish. About forty of the prisoners were held to bail, and the rest discharged.

Stephen Blake, a butcher, was tried at Salisbury assizes, for stabbing his wife. He was found guilty, and condemned to death. At York, James Robinson was found guilty of killing his wife, who had been an abandoned woman. He was recommended to mercy, by the jury, and was sentenced to six months imprisonment. Samuel Dixon was

indicted, at Northampton, for stabbing a girl of five years old, with intent to kill her. The jury found him guilty of stabbing, but negatived the intention of murder, a verdict which was equivalent to an acquittal; and the prisoner was, consequently, discharged. At Horsham Quarter Sessions, Mary Humphrey, a young woman who had been in the service of the Rev. Edward Butcher, of Worthing, was indicted for stealing silk stockings, a lace veil, &c. belonging to Mrs. Butcher. She proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, that these articles had been given to her by her mistress, and she was most honourably acquitted.

London University.—The important scheme for the establishment of a seminary for the education of youth in the Metropolis, on a large scale, which has lately excited so much attention, seems likely to succeed. A piece of ground is about to be purchased; and it is stated as probable, that the structure will be completed in August 1826, and the classes opened in the October following.

A coroner's inquest was held near Vauxhall-bridge, on the body of a male infant, sent by the Southampton Coach, packed up in a basket, and directed to a tradesman in Vincent-Street, Vauxhall. A police officer was sent to Southampton, to make inquiries, and the inquest was adjourned: but no satisfactory information has been procured. An inquest was held at Walworth, on the body of Sydney Walsh, a young man who shot himself, in a state of mental derangement, occasioned by a disappointment in love. At the funeral of a woman, who died in the London Hospital, a great number of persons attended, to exercise summary justice on the husband of the deceased, whom they charged with having caused the death of his wife; and they endeavoured to thrust him into her grave, and bury him alive. He was, at length, rescued by the police, and conveyed home in safety.

The Enterprise East India steam vessel has lately been trying her rate of passage up and down the river Thames, laden with her immense freight of coal, and it seems that she can make about ten miles per hour, though she now draws fifteen feet. It is, however, rumoured, that some private gentlemen have engaged Lord Yarborough's ship-built steamer, and intend to try their chance against the Enterprise, and gain the £10,000, by arriving first at Bengal. Lord Yarborough's vessel is sold to go to Batavia, so that they may as well make so laudable an effort.

It is more than rumoured that Lady Byron is engaged to be married to the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow. Mr. Irving has consented to remain in London, in defiance of a great offer to reside and preach at Edinburgh.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

An exhibition, representing the Coronation of the French King, took place at this theatre, on the 5th. The pageant was introduced by a piece, intitled "Five Minutes too late, or an Elopement to Rheims;" which was attended to with impatience, though it was not destitute of humour. The procession, which was extremely superb, passed round a platform, in front of the dress boxes. The scenery is well executed, and affords a panoramic view of almost the whole passage from Brighton to Paris. After the procession, followed the brilliant scene of the coronation. Much pleasing music was interspersed, and the whole formed an attractive spectacle. The public, however, seem to have got tired of the shew, after a few nights, the house being thinly attended; and it was closed for the season, on the 21st.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A "grand spectacle" was produced at Covent-Garden, on the 11th, in imitation of that at the rival theatre. It was called "The Rambottoms at Rheims," exhibiting an English metropolitan family in France, where they cut a very ridiculous figure, not much, however, to the amusement of the audience. Kemble personated the French king in the pageant, and *looked* the part admirably well. There was a pretty dance by Albert, of the Royal Opera, Paris, with assistants. The shew was as fine as tinsel could make it; but it differed materially from that at Drury-Lane. Which was the more correct, we cannot pretend to determine. This house was crowded to suffocation, the first night; but the attraction afterwards lessened, and on the 19th, the theatre was shut for the season.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A new ballad opera was performed here, on the 5th, intitled "Broken Promises; or the Colonel, the Captain, and the Corporal." It is an agreeable trifle, which owes some of its merit to the acting and singing of Miss Kelly and Miss Stephens.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Nothing new has been produced here; but the burletta of Midas has been revived, with Madame Vestris as Apollo, and Liston as Midas.

Fashionable Court & Walking Dresses for Aug.t 182

Invented by Miss Pierpoint. Edward Street. Portman Square.

Pub. Aug.t 1825. by Dean & Munday. Threadneedle Street.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1825.

COURT DRESS.

THE body and train of pink satin: round the bottom of the skirt and open sides, is a gold twisted border, surmounted by a wreath of beautiful flowers: the body is long, formed of narrow welts, and confined at the waist by a broad belt and gold buckles. The sleeves are short, and full, with a double fall of blond, and a similar one round the bust. Diamond ornaments. Under this robe is worn a rich Urling's lace skirt, over a white satin petticoat, ornamented with gold: the lower part is completed by gold leaves, gracefully placed in a scallop of shell-work, edged with gold and satin; a plain row of the same, above a bias satin hem. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS, composed of plain white muslin: long full sleeves, confined at the wrist with ribands: round the bust and the bottom of the skirt are open trimmings, of lavender-coloured satin, twisted in the form of a diamond: a bias sash, edged with white satin. White satin *gros de Naples* hat, with lavender strings of the same material, and finished in the front by a group of artificial flowers. The hair is arranged in full curls, parted on one side. Loose habit shirt, and grey shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—Nothing can possibly exceed the brilliancy of the head-dresses at the late fashionable parties:—the hair is arranged in the most elegant Grecian style, the bows being worn lower and smaller, but more numerous. Sprays, of diamonds, or bandeaus of pearls, with feathers, were most predominant; but coloured flowers and gauze are still much worn in private parties.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.—For the tasteful head-dress we are indebted to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The new carriage pelisses are remarkable for the beautiful manner in which they are ornamented: from the bust, down each side of the front of the border, are small waving plumes, formed of embossed *rouleaux* in embroidery: the collar and tops of the sleeves are ornamented to correspond with the skirt and bust, and are fastened down, before, by a row of mother of pearl buttons, wrought in elegant devices. These beautiful pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, of a lavender colour, or *terra d'Egypte*. Coloured shawls, of Chinese crape, carelessly thrown over the shoulders, and the summer pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of the most beautiful tints, are most in favour with the higher classes.

Carriage hats of white chip are much admired: they are lightly trimmed with lilac satin riband, with a plume of white marabouts placed in front. A Pamela hat, of white *gros de Naples*, is also much in favour for the carriage; it is trimmed with gauze and white satin, interspersed with the Japanese rose, formed in bouquets, with sprigs of white lilacs. A transparent bonnet, of pink crape, very simply ornamented with gauze, without either feathers or flowers, is much admired for the promenade.

An evening dress of rose-coloured *gros d' été*, is in great estimation: it is made very much in the style of the Arcadian robe, the ornament being on one side of the skirt, which is carried up on the left side, from the border up to the waist; this ornament consists of double *rouleaux* of satin; three rows of which are placed round the border, above a full puffing of rose-coloured gauze, confined by rings of fluted satin. Another dress is equally remarkable for its novelty, and is more appropriate to the friendly dinner party: it is of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with several rows of doubled flounces, so put on as to form distinct points; these flounces are formed from the silk being doubled in *bias*. Striped dresses are much worn in home costume, and in half dress, whether in muslin or silk. *Barége* is an article much admired for dresses, especially for young ladies; it is light, and well adapted to the season; there

are some specimens of this material lately introduced, which are striped, and the stripes beautifully shaded; flounces, placed on, in *bias*, and in festoons, of the same material as the dress, is the mode most in favour for half-dress.

As a general dress for the ball-room, none are so much in favour as the tunic short robes and petticoats; they are of light materials; and when slightly trimmed with flowers, they impart ease and grace to the votaries of Terpsichore; all ball dresses have that simplicity which is so appropriate, and so adapted to the comfort of the dancer; as nothing looks worse than dresses loaded with heavy trimmings, for the ball-room. The cornettes and half-dress caps, together with the turbans and opera-hats, have experienced but little change since our last report: the *dejeuné* cornette is of fine Mechlin lace, with a caul of India muslin, delicately sprigged. The flowers on the home cornettes and the lappet caps, which are of blond, are very sparingly scattered. Flowers, either in half wreaths, or detached bouquets, are much in request for the ball-room, as are bands of pearls, and diadem combs.

The most fashionable colours are maiden's-blush rose, lavender, *tere d'Egypte*, lilac, and mignonette-leaf green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

The Tuilleries are, more than ever, become the point of attraction for all our elegant females, who resort thither to shelter themselves under a dome of verdure, from the clouds of dust which almost stifle the promenaders of the Boulevards and the Champs-Elysées. The beautiful toilets have here nothing to fear for their freshness, therefore they abound in great number. A multitude of white robes have again appeared, the elegant simplicity of which give a delightful relief to the eyes fatigued by the eclât of those brilliant dresses, which were displayed last month. The greater part of these robes are of muslin, trimmed with *tulle*, divided, at equal distances, in the form of bee-hives; others have two or three rows of puffings festooned with large notches; others again have simple plaits, with divisions of embroidered work in colours.

One of the handsomest toilets which we have observed, is composed of a muslin robe, having at the border of the petticoat five or six rows of double bee-hives, nearly touching each other; this trimming ascends almost to the knee: the top of the sleeves are made to correspond: a scarf, of white muslin, unwoven towards the border: a round girdle, of pale yellow, which is fastened behind: a Leghorn straw hat, covered with beautiful white plumes, falling over the side and behind the form: Such is the costume which appears to us the most distinguished.

Robes, of printed muslin, are still very fashionable: they are always trimmed with puffings, either festooned, or terminated by a small round hem. The shape of the *corsages* varies the less, as they are generally concealed under pelerines, or *canezouts* of muslin, which are now become an essential part of the toilet. These *canezouts* are made with coloured ribands. The riband which forms a *fichu*, that which goes round the shape, and that which is fastened under the half-mounting collar, all is arranged in such a manner, that a lady with a plain robe may in an instant find herself dressed with elegance by means of these *canezouts* so gracefully ornamented. The prettiest we have seen were of *tulle:* at the bottom of the sleeves were formed three loops, into which were passed three ribands similar to the waist: these ribands are fastened under the arm, and form a rosette: the newest colour of these ribands resembles a flesh colour, shaded nearly to an African brown.

For silk dresses, two rows of trimmings *à la fille d'honneur*, placed in reverse, and at six inches' distance, produce a very fine effect: we have observed one trimmed with five *rouleaux*; on the left side, these *rouleaux* ascended, in points, near to the waist, forming a festoon, and then redescended to surround the petticoat. The robes are worn so short, that a part of the ankle is perceived. Some ladies have adopted shoes of grey castor: the greater part of shoes are tied.

The charming bonnets *à l'Isabey*, composed of blond and flowers, are again in great favour. A great many hats, of rice straw, are worn; they are ornamented with marabouts, plumes, and half-veils.

The colours, pearl grey, Persian lilac, and Parma violet, are most admired for dresses, whether of silk or *barège*.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE BLOODY VEST.

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both hand and knee,
"She is Benevent's princess so high in degree.
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is back'd by his hie chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head,
"Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the wead hath taken, and reverently hath kiss'd;—
" Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dress'd,
To the firmest armed champion I will not wail my crest,
But if I live and bare me well 'tis her turn to take the test,"
Here, gentles, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour, and losing of seats—
There was hewing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and breast,
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bonne for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight and forebore.
" It is some oath of honour," they said, " and I trow,
'Twere unknightly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpet sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair princess low louted a squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and pierc'd through;
All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud;
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

" This token, my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;

Though life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown:
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run,
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

" 'I restore,' says my master, 'the garment I've worn,
And I claim of the princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd with gore.' "
Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she and press'd
The blood spotted robe to her lips and her breast.
" Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show,
If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood besmear'd night-robes she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;
And the Prince, who in anger and shame looked down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown:
" Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood:
" The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine;
And if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."

From the Tales of the Crusaders.

SONG.

The proud, the fair, the rich, and great,
Who are of wealth possessed,
May think, because we've no estate,
That we can never be elate,
Or, half, like them, be blessed.

But they mistake our humble lot;
We're quite contented here,
For though by them we are forgot,
Yet in this quiet peaceful spot,
We're happy and sincere.

Then let us not for riches pine,
But calmly seek content.
For by that prudent just design
We shall hereafter nobly shine,
When all their wealth is spent.

Bristol. A. M.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

The evergreen trees, with their mantle of shade,
Embosom'd the small village spire,
When I saw, 'neath their foliage, a coffin convey'd,
And the cold corpse that press'd it, was soon to be laid
In a tomb by the side of his sire.

The spot where I loitered his feet had oft prest:
His locks were of silvery grey;
He had gazed on the sod, which now covers his breast,
And he knew it would soon be the place of his rest,
Where his mouldering relics would lay.

Poor Stephen was aged, the last of his race,
Not a relative stood by his bier,
Yet many a rustic now loves to retrace
All his virtues; his faults from their minds they efface,
And hallow his tomb with a tear.

Nought was heard save the winds' hollow murmuring sigh,
The laugh of the youthful was o'er,
For they marked the low bed where poor Stephen would lie,
And they thought, as they gazed on the spot with a sigh,
He will join in our pastimes no more.

The villagers stood round his damp earthy bed,
The knell broke the silence alone;
With awful devotion they lower'd his head,
The cold dewy turf wrapt the form that was dead,
And they raised o'er his pillow a stone!

ON SEEING THE GRAVE OF STEPHEN A WEEK AFTER THE FUNERAL.

One week had poor Stephen reposed on his grave,
When the bell of the Sabbath was heard;
We sought the lone spot where the trees gently wave,
A sad silent tear, as a tribute, we gave,
But we spoke not of Stephen a word.

The dew-drops still hung on each blossom and spray,
Though sun-beams illumin'd the sod,
They seem'd to upbraid us, their looks were so gay,
And to whisper, we smile o'er his tenantless clay,
But his spirit is blessed with his God!

I thought (as I gazed on the place of his rest,)
Ye who droop 'neath mortality's woes,
Ah! how must ye long by the sod to be prest,
To be, like poor Stephen, thus tranquilly blest,
Thus quietly sink to repose.

How sweet is the thought, when 'neath sorrow we bend,
Of that rest which will surely be ours;
When with death we the hopes of eternity blend,
We rob him of terror, and hail him our friend,
While we mingle his cypress with flowers.

Then why should we weep o'er life's latest doom?
How selfish the tear that we shed,
What though we resign to the sepulchre's gloom
All we love, there is peace to be found in the tomb,
And how blest is the spirit that's fled!

Louisa.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO COMPLAINED OF HER ILL SUCCESS IN THE LOTTERY.

SINCE Fortune's blind, and quite unkind,
To worth like yours, my dear,
No more depend on such a friend,
That seldom proves sincere.

But crown the youth whose love and truth
Now courts you for a wife;
To his fond arms resign your charms,
And make him blest for life.

You'll then no more your fate deplore
With sorrow or surprise;
For ev'ry year with love sincere
May gain a mutual prize,

Which will delight and charm your sight,
As they grow up in health;
You'll find much more than endless store
Of riches and of wealth.

Then haste, my dear, with joy sincere
Till we both fondly prove
The bliss that 'tends fair Virtue's friends,
When joined in nuptial love.

Bristol. A. M,

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

"SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never, when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror,

" Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier! wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

" Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barter's life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror."

From the Crusaders.

REFLECTIONS ON MY COTTAGE.

What is Ambition's soul-deceiving pow'r,
That I should strive the phantom to pursue?
'Tis but the passing pageant of an hour,
That leaves its victim then his hope to rue.

Some seek it in the splendour-crowded court,
And fawning stoop, that they may higher rise;
But find, too late, they are the great men's sport,
Whilst each ideal greatness from them flies.

Some 'mid the din of war ambition seek;
But ere they clasp her long-expected charms,
A fate-wing'd missile bids the heart-blood reek,
And sinks them into Death's extended arms.

Some few of proud ambition's vot'ries gain
The envied honour they so long have sought;
But soon discover 'tis the source of pain,
And with anxiety's worst feelings fraught.

Then here within my woodbine-circled cot,
With cheerful competence I'll still reside;
Nor ever leave the peaceful happy spot,
To seek ambition in the haunts of pride.

Love shall to me supply the phantom's place,
Ann, the fair sovereign, I will ever own;
Her beauteous smile each wand'ring wish shall chase,
And only pleasure to our home be known.

With Love, fair Friendship shall her joys entwine,
Pure as the mountain-snow, and free from guile;
These will most surely make each comfort mine,
Nor known to me will be the fraudful smile.

If Mercy grants these kindred joys to last,
Life, like a placid stream, will steal along;
Death will then shew no terrors in the past,
But gently waft us to the heav'nly throng.

J. M. LACEY.

SOLUTION

TO MR. J. M. LACEY'S CHARADE.

A *page* most undoubtedly 'tends upon court:
And industry's emblem is surely an *ant*,
And *pageant* is deeming in royalty's sport,
Which will solve thy charade, without any cant.

TABBY.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of C. D. do not, as compositions, come up to our standard of merit

D. D. D. has our thanks.

Has our Bristol correspondent, E. M. quite forgotten us?

A. M. has our sincere thanks for many valuable poetical pieces.

Of all W. G. King's contributions we have not yet formed a judgment; but he will see in our present number, that we have availed ourselves of his pen.

Have our friends at Brigg forgotten that we are always happy to hear from them?

BRITISH MUSEUM
MAY

Painted by Hoppner.

Engraved by Wolfe.

The Infant Lyrist.

Pub. Sept.r 1.1805 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.